

Obe Earning World.

ESTABLISHED BY JOSEPH PULITZER.
Published Daily Except Sunday by the Press Publishing Company, Nos. 53 to 55 Park Row, New York.
RALPH PULITZER, President, 53 Park Row.
J. AUGUS HILARY, Treasurer, 53 Park Row.
JOSEPH PULITZER, Jr., Secretary, 53 Park Row.

MEMBER OF THE ASSOCIATED PRESS.
The Associated Press is authorized to use the name of this paper in its publications.
VOLUME 59.....NO. 20,903

THE GERMAN MUTINEERS.

THE Allies and the United States will not overestimate the seriousness of the reported action of the German Soldiers' Councils in seizing the German northern fleet and the naval base at Heligoland with the desperate purpose of resisting the armistice terms.

Directly those terms were published in all their drastic detail there were bound to be reactions of German fighting instinct in quarters where it has not learned the bitter lessons enforced by Allied strength.

Although Germany's great military machine has been smashed, parts of it may still be expected to function spasmodically under the despairing efforts of a few Germans who would rather die than accept the consequences of defeat.

The fact remains that among the German people generally the war impulse ran out with the collapse of German fighting power in the field. There is not enough of it left to back either army or fleet. Dismay at the severity of the armistice conditions may find its first expression in anger and protest. But the stronger tendency throughout Germany will be to take full stock of the disaster, submit to the inevitable and hope that justice may be tempered with mercy.

The Allies and the United States have at their command an overwhelming force with which to put the clamps on what is left of German military power.

Sporadic defiance and resistance on the part of surviving believers in a fighting Germany on land or sea will only result in their swift destruction.

What has happened in the case of the northern fleet was foreseen by the Supreme War Council of the Associated Powers, which added a supplementary clause to the armistice terms providing that in the event the six German battle cruisers, ten battleships, eight light cruisers, 160 submarines and fifty destroyers were not handed over to the Allies and the United States because of mutinies in the German navy, the Associated Powers reserved the right to occupy Heligoland as an advance base to enable them to enforce the terms.

Unless the German authorities who signed the armistice are anxious to add to the cost of the final reckoning by making it necessary for the Allied and American fleets to use force to compel the carrying out of the conditions, they will take swift measures to get the mutineers in hand.

As a next step in the celebration dig into your pocket and help along the United War Work Campaign. If the victory means anything it means that destruction is over and construction comes into its own again. Humanity and helpfulness have full sway. Be a builder.

ON THE DATE OF THE GREAT THANKSGIVING.

THE decisive and momentous victory was signalized and celebrated Nov. 11, 1918.

On that day the people of the United States gave themselves up to the first joy of a triumph surpassing any the civilized world has ever seen and from their hearts thanked God for the glorious part this Nation has earned in it.

To Americans of this generation the memory of last Monday will always bring a thrill more deep and moving than that aroused by any other recollection.

Why not, so far as may be, preserve the full spirit of the unforgettable date for coming generations?

Beneath the outward rejoicings of Victory Day the souls of 100,000,000 people under the Stars and Stripes met in sober and profound thanksgiving such as they had never known.

The present National Thanksgiving is a movable date adjusted to a Thursday, usually the last, in this same month of November.

Beginning next year, why not make the day of national thanksgiving fall always on the anniversary of the Great Thanksgiving—Nov. 11?

We'd like to drop down in the Place de la Concorde in Paris for a minute and have a look at that statue of Strasbourg that used to be draped in black.

THEIR BEST ASSET.

SO FAR as may be gathered from telegraphic summaries of the many and far-reaching changes in all parts of the German Empire, the revolution seems to have progressed without extremes of violence and bloodshed.

It is too soon to say that a new Germany can be evolved without the disorder and terror that so often darken revolution. The late Imperial German Government plainly showed its fear of possible Bolshevik reactions in Germany. Nevertheless, general standards of education and intelligence among the masses of the German people are such as obviously make Bolshevism far less of a menace in Germany than in Russia, less even than in Austria-Hungary.

Moreover the Imperial German Government well knew that the kind of Bolshevism it had most to dread from Germans was the Bolshevism of a war-weary people balked of its desire for peace.

It has yet to be seen whether the cessation of hostilities will result in creating a controlling and compelling majority of sane Germans determined to sink all minor political differences while they maintain order, keep the constituent parts of the late Empire together and remould what is left of the German nation for a new future.

That high valuation of discipline upon which the Germans as a people were taught to pride themselves under the old regime ought to be urged upon them as their best asset during the perilous period of readjustment.

Where are the Kings of yesterday?

"Your Terms Are Fearful!"

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By J. H. Cassel



Whys and Wherefores of Love and Matrimony

By Fay Stevenson

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No. 3--Why Some Misses Never Become Mrs.

EVERY girl who cherishes anticipations of changing her name—in other words, of eliminating "Miss" for "Mrs."—has to be careful of one thing. That thing is her own imagination.

The girl who desires to marry should never allow herself to live in her own imagination. Feminine imagination has spoiled more love affairs than all the poison pens, backbiters and joy-killers combined. It seems too bad that a girl should be her own worst enemy. And yet that is exactly what she is when she allows her imagination to run away with her common sense.

Now the moment some girls are introduced to a man they IMAGINE he is in love with them. Hence they begin to giggle and simper and act much more kittenish than if their wicked little imaginations were not leading them on. As a matter of fact few people do fall in love at "first sight." And when they do, nine cases out of ten end up in a divorce court! Therefore the practical, sensible girl subdues her imagination. She meets a man upon the same footing as she would a woman. And by so doing she has a great advantage over the girl whose heart is pierced and interpreted by imaginary arrows shot from her own silly little brain.

You see the girl who curbs her imagination gives a man a chance to meet her natural self. But the girl with too much imagination is acting under "false pretenses." Nor is she in the same boat with the flirt, for the flirt is only playing with love while the girl who lives in her imagination is courting love.

Of course woman can't help having SOME imagination. She is usually much ahead of man in her development along this line. The average girl begins to imagine at the age of four. She imagines she is married, is keeping house and is the mother of four or five dolls. But what boy ever imagined he was a married man reading a brood of youngsters named Florentine, Griselda and Lilian-May? Bah! A boy never imagines. He is. He plays ball, shoots a gun, goes swimming and raids orchards. What time has he to imagine?

Yes, every girl who wishes to become "Mrs." should learn to subdue this well-developed power of imagination.

Lucile the Waitress

By Bide Dudley

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"MODESTY'S a great thing, ain't it?" asked Lucile, the waitress, as the Friendly Patron perched himself on a stool at the lunch counter.

"Indeed it is," he replied. "But what's up now?"

"Oh, nothing much. I was just tossing the idea here and there in my mind. You see, we get so many fragments of examples of the lack of modesty in here that we become sloughed in despondency. Take, for instance, a guy who was in here a while ago. He had more exasperated egot than any man I ever come in contrast with. On the level, he got me sore from A to Gizzard."

"What did he do?"

"A plenty, old dear! When I shimmy up to him for his order I just say, by way of being affable: 'Well, I see Dave Warfield has gone back to the Auctioned Earrings.'"

"Listen," he says. "That guy, Warfield, can act, all right, but I could handle any one of his roles better."

"You?" I says. "Are you a trodder of the boards?"

"I used to be," he tells me. "I spent six years as an actor and many a packed house went wild over me. People used to stand up and call me back."

"And dare you to come back, I presume," I says. "It gets his goat." "Now don't get giddy," he tells me. "No waitress can't decimate my acting without getting a call. Now, you got yours, so be good."

"Say, Uncle Willie, he got me sore! Imagine a poor fish like him sitting at a lunch counter wondering what to buy with his dime, telling me I couldn't talk like I wished! It was preposterous. I give him one look."

"Listen, sir!" I says, very stiff. "If you was such an actor why didn't you go to be a big star instead of a big bum?"

"It was a pretty stiff rejoinder, but he had it coming to him. He gets up and goes to the Boss. Now, you know and I know that in these days of super-bellus war stringency no eating house owner ain't going to fire a regular arm-waitress that can shoot the biscuits like I can. So I wasn't overly bothered."

"Are you the owner of this joint?" asks the disgruntled one. The Boss is cautious. He don't know but what the man has swallowed a fly or something and wants to sue him for damages.

Bachelor Girl Reflections

By Helen Rowland

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"WAITING for the right man to come along" isn't half so difficult for any girl as keeping him from getting past.



A "reasonable wife" is one who never asks the reason of anything her husband does nor stops to reason about anything he tells her.

Dear, dear! A man has to be awfully careful about choosing his "kissing acquaintances" in these dangerous days of the double epidemic of "flu" and matrimony.

Optimist: A man who thinks himself immune to all women. Pessimist: A man who dwells in the eternal suspicion that every woman is trying to ensnare him. Fatalist: A man who knows that some day some woman will succeed in marrying him and cheerfully awaits the inevitable.

To a normal woman a "necessity" is anything she thinks she ought to have—because some other woman has it; a "luxury" anything she can get along without and still keep up appearances.

The one thing about a man that baffles a woman's understanding and tries her soul is that when he's done anything he's "ashamed of" he's always so proud of it.

"Divine right" seems at last to have given way entirely to human rights and "royal descent" to common decency.

Always try to be the "guiding star" of a man's life, but never make the mistake of fancying that you are his whole planetary system.

Sweeten your tea these sugarless days with the thought that the hardest blow dealt the Kaiser was dealt on the strength of American pies and doughnuts.

The Jarr Family

By Roy L. McCardell

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"YOU bet on the election, didn't you?" asked Mrs. Jarr.

"Mr. Jarr winced perceptibly but said carelessly:

"Oh, I bet a few dollars on Smith with Mr. Rangle, you know."

"Well, I am opposed to gambling in any form. Even friendly wagers sometimes lead to ruin at the gaming table and the race track," said Mrs. Jarr, "but if you will promise not to do it again I'll forgive you this time. Let me see. I need a new hat."

"You need a new hat?" repeated Mr. Jarr.

"Why, yes," said Mrs. Jarr, blithely.

"I was going to take those feathers off my old hat and have them cleaned and curled, and by getting a new shape and trimmings to match I thought I might fix up something that would look good enough to wear this winter and so not go to the expense of getting a new hat."

"Is that so?" said Mr. Jarr.

"Oh, yes!" Mrs. Jarr went on. "I did intend to do that and take the money you gave me for a new hat for a heavy coat. I need something to knock around in when I go shopping on cold days. So now I can have both."

"Oh, you can have both!" echoed Mr. Jarr.

"Yes, dear. You know as well as I do," said Mrs. Jarr, "that no matter how skillfully you take old feathers and clean and curl them, and no matter how much taste you have in fixing up a hat for yourself, there's always something cheap and tacky-looking about it compared to a stylish hat after a French model. For I do think that, if you can't afford a real imported hat, those made after French pattern can hardly be told, and, in fact, if you ask them to they will put in imported labels for you at the shop, and then you can pretend it cost twice as much as it did."

"Why don't you buy a pair of diamond earrings for Christmas while you are about it?" asked Mr. Jarr with feigned geniality.

Mrs. Jarr did not notice the cordiality was camouflage.

"Oh, may I?" she asked. "How kind of you, dear! But come to think of it, I would prefer to have a new set of furs. I think diamond earrings—any kind of earrings—are not

"And now all that's needed," said Mr. Jarr, with a queer look, "is an electric runabout. Yes, you should have an electric runabout. Suppose you rode in a street car with your furs and diamond earrings and imported French bonnet, and a thug should follow you from the car and rob you?"

"How much did you win? Tell me!" said Mrs. Jarr excitedly. "You are sure you are not fooling me? Did you really bet on Smith?"

"I did; I swear it. I bet quite a bunch on Smith," said Mr. Jarr.

"And as you seem to expect all the winnings you can have them. I bet that Smith would carry New York by 150,000!"

Mrs. Jarr gazed at him with pride.

"I never knew you had it in you, Edward," she cried.

Mr. Jarr gasped, but said nothing, and in the fervor of the affection of her parting with him resolved to float a loan some way for the hat, furs and earnings for Christmas, and in the joy of getting these he hoped Mrs. Jarr would forget the electric runabout.

As for Mrs. Jarr, she has been telling her friends that a woman should never encourage a sense of humor. "If your husband wants to joke, let him," she remarked. "But a promise is a promise, and don't let a man explain he only promised in fun."

How Our Torpedo Boats Got Their Names

By Henry Collins Brown

The Jarvis

THE Constitution and the Constellation were sister ships at the time of their construction in 1794, one being built at Boston and the other at Baltimore.

The Constitution is now an object of veneration for visitors from all over the Nation and is tied up at the Charleston wharf, near Boston. The Constellation is passing her old age in dignified retirement. While she no longer puts to sea, she is still of wonderful value as a training ship, teaching the young navigator much needed information regarding the old-time ship that is of service to them even now, though naval construction has greatly altered. She lies off the War College at Newport.

It is in connection with the youthful days of the Constellation that we find the name of young Jarvis. His name also recalls our almost wholly unknown war with France. It is the only break in our peaceful relations with that nation from the days of Lafayette, as a matter of fact so actual

declaration of war ever took place nor did hostilities extend to any length of time. Nevertheless there were several encounters, one of them between the Constitution and the Vengeance, in which young Jarvis played a conspicuous part. Jarvis was ordered aloft in the main top and remained there in spite of the fact that shots from the Vengeance had rendered the mast unsafe. He refused to leave his quarters without orders and his life was lost as the result. In the action between the Constitution and the Vengeance, the American losses were 14 killed and 25 wounded and on the Vengeance 60 killed and 110 wounded. The Constellation would have had the satisfaction of towing her into Boston as a prize but for the fact that her main mast went by the board, which enabled the Vengeance to make safe her escape in spite of her damaged condition.

The record of Jarvis, aside from stoic bravery in danger on the Constellation, was enviable in every respect, and in honoring the young seaman by giving his name to a torpedo boat the navy honors itself.